

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 12 — VOL. XXI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1809.

NO. 1054.

MISTRUST;

OR,

BLANCHE AND OSBRIGHT:

A FEUDAL ROMANCE.

(In Continuation.)

"Is it you then?" she said, endeavouring to assume a tranquil look, and extending her hand with a smile, equally expressive of tenderness and melancholy; "I feared . . . I thought —"

"What did you think? what could your innocence have to fear?" and he gently drew her back to the seat which she had quitted, and took his place by her side.

"I feared that some enemy . . . that some assassin . . . that some emissary of the Count of Frankheim —"

"Ah! Blanche! still this aversion? to belong to Frankheim is sufficient to become the object of your hate."

"All who belong to Frankheim, hate me."

"Not all, Blanche, certainly."

"The Count, at least."

"Dearest Blanche! did you but know the pain which I feel, when you calumniate the Count! he is stern and passionate, I confess, but he has ever been an honourable man. — Shall I own to you the truth, my Blanche? the Count is my friend, is my best friend! his affection is my proudest boast; his commands I have never disobeyed."

"Indeed! and never will?"

"Never! at least I hope not; his commands from my earliest infancy have ever to me been as law, and . . . my love! why thus pale? what alarms you? what distresses you?"

"'Tis nothing! it will soon be past! I am not quite well, and —"

"You speak still more faintly! stay one moment, I will bring water for you from the grotto."

"Oh! no, no, no!" she exclaimed, and detaining him by his arm. He stopped, surprised at the eagerness with which she spoke. "Yet 'tis no matter!" she continued, "bring it if you will; I will drink it."

"I will return instantly!" said he, and hastened to the water-fall. Blanche started wildly from her seat, sank upon her knees, covered her face with her hands, and prayed for a few moments fervently and silently.

"Now then," she said in a firm voice, while she rose from the ground, "now then I am prepared for every thing. Let him bring me what he will, be it water, or be it poison, from his hands will I receive it without hesitation, and die, if he will have it so, without a murmur."

A consecrated goblet ever stood upon the rustic altar of St. Hildegarda; it was supposed to be that which had once pressed the blessed lips of the saint, and even the starving robber respected its sanctity. Osbright hastily filled it, and returning to his mistress, urged her to taste the water which it contained.

Blanche received the cup with a trembling

hand, and fixing her eyes upon his countenance—"Will it not chill me too suddenly?" she asked.

"You need not drink much of it; a few drops will be sufficient to produce the effect desired."

"Indeed! is it so powerful then? nay, it is all the better. See, Sir Knight, you are obeyed; from your hands even this is welcome!" and she placed the goblet to her lips, nor doubted that she drank a farewell to the world. "Look!" she resumed, restoring the cup;—"have I swallowed enough? are you satisfied?"

"Blanche!" exclaimed the youth, his surprise at her demeanor increasing with every moment;—"what is the matter? what means this mysterious conduct? you seem to me so much altered."

"Already? does it then work so speedily? nay, then I must be sudden, and here all disguise shall end. You promised, when I saw you last, that at our next meeting you would disclose your name: I know it already, Osbright of Frankheim; know the hatred which you bear to me and mine; know the dreadful oath, which was taken last evening in the chapel of St. John, and know also, that you have taken one step towards fulfilling it. Osbright, when I raised yonder goblet to my lips, I was not ignorant that it contained poison."

"Poison?" interrupted Osbright;—"what! you believe then . . . you suspect . . . yet believe it still! yes, Blanche, yes! let this convince you, that the cup, which you have tasted, Osbright will raise to his lips with joy, even though that be poisoned!"—and he seized the goblet, and drank its contents with eagerness.

"Osbright! my own Osbright!" exclaimed Blanche, and sunk upon her lover's bosom;—"oh! that it were indeed poison, and that I might die with you in this moment, for to live with you I feel myself unworthy! shame upon me! how could I for one instant believe your generous nature so grossly! never, no, never more will I suspect —"

"Nor me, nor any one, my Blanche, I hope, without some better reason. Oh! banish from your bosom the gloomy fiend, Mistrust. So pure a shrine should never be polluted by an inmate so odious! Away with the prejudices, which have been so carefully instilled into your youthful mind: see no more with the eyes of parents; see with your own, my Blanche, and judge by your own heart of the feeling of others. Then will the world again become lovely in your sight, for you will see it the abode of truth, of virtue, of affection; then will this host of imagined enemies be converted into a band of real friends; then will your mind be freed from these visionary terrors, so injurious to others, so painful to yourself, which now fill your waking thoughts with anxiety, and your nightly slumbers with gloomy recollections. You have told me yourself, that you have frequently started from sleep exclaiming, that Count Rudiger of Frankheim was at hand; and yet

this Count Rudiger is Osbright's father! you have mistaken me, you are mistaken in him, and —"

"In the Count! Oh! no, no, no! impossible! Indeed, indeed the Count is a very fierce and cruel man! Ah! your partiality blinds you; but if you knew as well as I do . . . but I was forbidden to mention it to —"

"And have you still secrets from me, my Blanche? From this moment I have none to you."

"Nay, look not so sad; you shall know all—and you should have known it before, but that you ever spoke so warmly in favour of the Count, that I was unwilling to grieve you.—Well then, Osbright, it is certain, quite certain, that the Count of Frankheim caused my poor brother Philip to be poisoned!"

"Indeed? quite certain? and do you know, Blanche, that it is equally certain, nay, much more certain, that the Count of Orenberg caused my brother to be assassinated in Burnholm wood?"

"Oh! most atrocious calumny! Oh! falsehood most incredible! what! my father, whose actions —"

"My father never did an unworthy action, either, Blanche."

"Nay, but I saw with my own eyes the livid spots, with which Philip's neck —"

"I too saw with mine the deep wound on poor Joscelyn's bosom."

"The attendants, the physician, all have told me themselves —"

"Every inmate of Frankheim Castle heard the confession —"

"That your father had bribed Philip's nurse, who left us about a week before his illness."

"That assassins were bribed by your father to murder Joscelyn while hunting."

"Nay, what is more strong, my mother herself assured me —"

"But what is still stronger than that, is, that your father's crimes were confessed by the very assassin himself."

"Well, Osbright, you surely cannot expect me to see every thing with your eyes."

"Should I see every thing with yours, Blanche?"

"Nor to believe my dear good father, whose heart I know so well, guilty of a crime so base and so atrocious!"

"Does not the argument hold equally good for me, Blanche? your father may be innocent of Joscelyn's death, but so is mine of Philip's; you love your father well, but not better than I love mine. Each thinks the other's father to be guilty; why may not each be wrong? both believe their own father innocent, and why should not both be right?"

"Oh! that it were so! how gladly should I banish from my bosom these gloomy terrors, which torture me so cruelly. No, Osbright, the heart may feel, but the tongue can never utter, how painful it is for me to hate one, who is so much beloved by you!"

Osbright thanked her by a kiss, the purest and the warmest that ever was sealed upon the lips of woman: and he now proceeded to

unfold his intentions of seeking the widow of the assassin and endeavouring to learn from her the real motives of her husband for murdering the innocent Jocelyn. She approved of his design, and then urged his immediate departure, as the evening was already closing around them, and Osbriht's road lay through a forest, rendered dangerous in several parts by pit falls, and not entirely free from wild beasts. Osbriht obeyed, but he first advised her to visit St. Hildegard's grotto no more till his return, of which he could easily apprise her by means of Sir Lennard of Kleeborn.

(To be Continued.)

ELEGANT AND MORAL.

Tears of compassion are nature's marks to know an honest heart by.

A good man is pitiful to his beasts.

Distress challenges mercy.

The alms that smells of the hand loses the praise : it is twice given that is given quickly.

Giving is sowing, the larger seeding, the greater crop : the greater the bank, the more interest.

A small thing helps the needy.

If the rich can exchange their alms with the poor for blessings, they have no cause to complain of an ill bargain : he that receives, hath but a worthless alms : he that gives, receives an invaluable blessing. Speed in bestowing doubles a gift.

Delayed thankfulness is not worth acceptance.

Our impotency of relieving ourselves demonstrates the folly and absurdity of our complaint : for whom do we resist, or against whom do we complain, but a Power from whose shafts no armour can guard us—no speed can fly : a Power which leaves us no hopes but in submission.

We ought to bear with patience the greatest calamity that can befall us, as every human accident, how soever, must happen to us by divine permission at least. A due sense of our duty to our great Creator should teach us an absolute submission to his will.

Habit hath so vast a prevalence over the human mind, that there is scarce any thing too strange or too strong to be inserted of it.

PEDANTRY.

A pedantic gentleman who was travelling, and above common language, stopped at an inn to get his horse and himself refreshed. Seeing some boys, when he alighted, he ordered one to "circumambulate his horse two or three times round the mansion, then permit him to inhale a moderate quantity of aqueous particles, after which to give him proper vegetable nutriment, and he would make him pecuniary satisfaction."

The boy being unaccustomed to such language, ran into the house, and told his father that a prince was without who spoke French ; the father came out, and hearing the man scold, asked him what was the matter ? " Sir, (says the gentleman,) I invoke all the genii attestations that your offspring rejected me, and refused to put in practice my desires—Now, Sir, you I implore to enforce obedience upon them by correction, and then immediately provide some nutritious substance, to strengthen nature, cured over vegetable fuel, as I abhor the sulphurous tincture of minerals—remember to get me some stimulus with it."

The innkeeper, without hesitation, concluded him a madman, and with his lusty wife, seized and tied him hands and feet, to a ring in the barn floor, then went for a doctor, who put a blister on his back, which in three days brought him to his wandering senses.

ANECDOTE.

A jury, who were directed to bring a prisoner in guilty, upon his own confession, returned a verdict of *not guilty*. The astonished judges demanded the reason. " May it please your honour, (says the foreman), the fellow is so great a liar, that we cannot believe him."

FOR THE WEEKLY MUSEUM

TO JULIA FRANCESCA.

SAY, Julia, Fancy's favourite child !
Why heaves thy breast with sorrow's sigh ?
Why pour thy notes with anguish wild ?
Or why that tear bedim thine eye ?

Nymph of the pleasing strain, no more
Let fancied ills your peace molest ;
But tune that lyre, which oft before
Has soothed sad Henry's cares to rest.

Oh ! could one thought, one line of mine,
Add fire to Julia's Heaven-toned string ;
I'd almost think mine own divine,
And dare, but not like her, to sing.

Pain would I sooth thy soft alarms,
Pain cherish merit such as yours ;
Protect thee in those fostering arms,
From winter's wind and chilling showers ;

But, Oh ! such happiness I dare not claim—
Unknown alike to wealth, to power, or fame.

HENRICUS.

New York, April 24, 1809.

FROM THE AMERICAN.

BENEATH the leafless oak I stood,
And listened to the moaning blast ;
The roaring of the distant flood,
Told of the storm that now was past.
When from the south advancing slow,
A form of beauty caught my eye,
I saw her tears in torrents flow,
And from her lips burst many a sigh.

'Twas Spring : she viewed, with shrinking fear,
The frozen stream, the barren plain,
The joyless vale, and forest drear,
Blasted beneath their tyrants' reign.
And oft she stopped and looked behind
With wistful eye to southern fields,
Where vines are round the green oak twined,
And every grove its music yields.

But fate's commands must all obey,
And still advanced the weeping fair ;
While every sigh that forced its way
Poured heavenly fragrance on the air.
And soon she noticed with surprise,
That wheresoe'er her tear drops fell,
Straightway the sweetest flowers would rise,
And bloom, as though by magic spell.

Pleased with the sight she raised her eyes,
That long were fixed upon the ground ;
No tempest foul deformed the skies,
But peace and beauty smiled around !
The frozen stream, the barren plain,
The joyless vale and forest drear,
Had lost the gloom of winter's reign,
And felt the renovated year.

With soft delight the change she viewed,
And heard sweet warblers sing their loves ;
Tripping the dew her course pursued,
And bounded light through vales and groves.
Nor knew herself to be the power,
That cloth'd with joy each hill and dale,
Gave health and sweetness to the hour,
And all its fragrance to the gale.

CARROL.

EPIGRAM.

ON ELOQUENCE.

What need'st thou ask, or I reply,
Mere words are for the stupid many,
I've ever thought a speaking look,
The sweetest eloquence of any.

THE GENIUS OF SHAKESPEARE AND MILTON CONTRASTED.

Extracted from a Letter written by
THOMAS DERMODY.

The Italian writers compare the poems of Ariosto to a garden of melons, where those that are good, are excellent, and those that are bad worth nothing. On the other hand, Tasso is assimilated to a bed of cucumbers, where all are ripe and sound, but destitute of that delicious relish which pleases the most refined taste.

Shakespeare (to use this allusion) is a wild garden, where peaches, plums, and apples are found some crude, some sour, some rotten, but some comparable. He is a vineyard of plenty, where many of the finest branches are ruined for want of the pruning knife. Shakespeare, like the world, is full of good and evil ; but his first fare is so tempting, that we have not power to refrain from trying it. But the chaste, the sublime Milton is, like his own Eden.

'A happy rural seat of various view.'

And his work is that fertile ground, out of which

—he caused to grow

All trees of noblest kind ; for sight, smell, taste ;
And all amid them stood the tree of life,
High, eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold.

Nature is so arranged by him as to receive an additional lustre from art ; and the exuberance of the earth appears more than the labour of the cultivator.

Shakespeare, when he soars, is borne by the muse of fire beyond human sight ; but Milton, in his grandest moments, retains the light of reason. His ecstasies are the ecstasies of a philosopher ; Shakespeare's are the flights of an invisible being. Notwithstanding this, their spirits are somewhat congenial ; for, allowing the variation of the epic from the dramatic, they move us by the same golden springs of pathos. In the art of exciting terror, I am not sure but that Shakespeare is superior : For instance, the dream of Eve is painted rather tamely though in just and beautiful colours : while Clarence's vision displays the inmost recesses of horror, apprehension, pity, judgement and admirable fancy. The character of *Satan* and *Macbeth* are both, indeed, extremely well managed, and in my opinion, extremely alike—they have the same courage, the same undoubted ambition, uncurbed freedom of will, and spirited fortitude in the hour of destruction. They both are conscious of their ingratitude and wickedness—both stubborn and relentless, and, even in the midst of their success, they seem to feel a boding of the consequence. The address of the arch fiend to the sun is a noble description of the remorse atendant on conscience ; it shows, that even Lucifer himself could not but find its sting. *Macbeth*, in almost every situation, confesses his guilt, yet plunges into deeds of tenfold horror. *Lady Macbeth* might also be introduced here—but female tenderness denies her savage temper. The most apparent touch that distinguishes *Macbeth* from *Satan* is in cowardice and mean prevarication. He exclaims,

'Thou canst not say I did it,'

to Banquo's ghost, because he only commanded his assassination ; Milton's hero glorified in his undoing, and,

'Fierce with grasping arms,
Clash'd on his sounding shield the din of war,
Hurling defiance to the vault of heav'n'

Shakespeare is like a cataract ; at one time rushing through rocks and caverns, foaming and terrifying, then sinking into a sluggish calm, with nothing but the bubbles of his former sublimity. Milton is a full, overflow river : and, like the river to the sea, hastening towards his illustrious design, never pausing, and seldom dangerous to the passengers—The very foibles of one delusive and charming, but the other, if ever he should descend, is flat, and liable to inferiority from the nature of his performance. The wild scenery of Shakespeare

is the unconnected magic of Merlin, variously diverting: that of Milton is like Plato's *Elysium* enchaining, yet built on the basis of an opinion which bears the air of probability.

In a word, the former was a man of many faults and many virtues: the latter nearly a pattern of perfection—perfection attained by study and dint of learning. Shakspeare was the child of fancy: Milton the child of judgment. Milton was the poet and critic too—Shakspeare the poet only—but such an one as,

‘We ne’er shall look upon his like again.’

Addison, in his tragedy of *Cato*, in which, by the mouth of Sempronius, he attempts to describe the character of Cæsar, has given a very just picture of the energy, activity, and impatience of the French emperor.

Thou knowest not his active soul,
With what a dreadful course he rushes on
From war to war! In vain has nature formed
Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage—
He bounds o’er all, victorious in his march—
The Alps and Pyreneans sink before him—
Through winds and waves and storms he works his way,
Impatient for the battle.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, APRIL 29, 1809.

Those of our subscribers who intend to remove the ensuing month, are requested to send their directions to this office.

At a meeting of the trustees of the New-York City Dispensary, April 20th, 1809, Dr. Joel Hart was appointed one of the Physicians to that institution, in the place of Dr. Samuel Ackerly, resigned.

At Philadelphia, during a thunder shower, on Sunday the 23d inst. a little girl of nine years old, daughter of Mr. John Weaver, of Kensington, was struck and instantly killed by lightning. A small boy was standing under her at the window, one of whose arms was slightly injured, and the shock was feebly felt by the other persons in the room.

Lexington, April 4.—We learn that on Friday last the Powder-Mill of Mr. John Tucker, about five miles from Paris, in Bourbon county, blew up, and Mr. Samuel Tucker, and Mr. John Jones were both killed. There was about 700 lb. of powder in the mill, and it is supposed that a particle of flint must have been in the salt-petre or brimstone, which occasioned the explosion.

The schooner *Traveller*, Perkins, from Plymouth, North Carolina, bound to New London, was cast away on Monday night last on Brenton's Reef, near the Light-House.—The vessel and cargo, (which consisted of between 3 and 4000 bushels of corn), were totally lost; the crew saved. *Newport pap.*

In the evening of the 17th inst. a fire broke out at Rye, near Portsmouth, New-Hampshire, where it consumed a dwelling house owned by Mrs. Wallace, and occupied by Mr. Foy. It broke out on the roof, and was discovered by a person passing by, who was the first to give notice to the family of their impending danger; to which may be attrib-

ted the providential escape of three children, who were quietly asleep, unconscious of their perilous situation, while flakes of fire descending from the roof poured around them. The progress of the flames was such, as not only to prevent the house, but likewise the contents, from being saved.

The ship *Volunteer* from London that put into St. Thomas in distress, is condemned and sold for 90 dollars—Her cargo was also sold for the benefit of the concerned.

A woman was bitten sometime since in Douglas, Massachusetts, by a mad dog, she swallowed a bit of paper with a charm written on it, thinking it would cure her; but we are assured, says the editor of the *Spy*, that, in spite of the charm, she has run mad. This is one of the evil consequences of superstition.

There is a woman residing in Vienna forty years old, and twenty years married, who at eleven births had thirty-two children, of whom twenty-eight are now living.

SPANISH SHARP-SHOOTERS;

OR

A Man shot while Flying.

We have frequently heard of marksmen of expert as to be able to kill birds when on the wing never heard that a man was shot in that situation till the commencement of the Spanish revolution. The following paragraph, though not of very recent date, appears to be descriptive of such a scene;

“*Manresa, Aug. 11*—By different letters from Ampurden, dated the 7th and 8th inst. we learn, that on the 6th, the commandant of that place, Don Juan Claro, took post in the plain of Caro, in consequence of information that a column of from 700 to 1000 French were to pass that way, having under their escort 20 waggons filled with wounded men, and proceeding from Saria, near Girona, to Perpignan. He attacked and defeated them with the utmost interpidity, and pursued them without giving them a moment's time to rally, as far as Janquera. They fled thither with all speed, expecting to find an asylum, but they met only with destruction; and not more than 150 of them effected their escape to Bellegarde. The general's aid-de-camp entered a house in the place, and with frantic vexation at his defeat, he attempted to stab himself with a sword; and the weapon being wrested from him, he threw himself from a balcony, exclaiming that he must inevitably be shot. Some of our brave champions, who observed him, shot him dead before he came to the ground.

DIED, at East-Chester, on Wednesday the 12th inst. Mr. John Bates, Sen. in the 89th year of his age, an old and respectable inhabitant of that place. He was a man of the most unblemished morals and integrity, combined with the most benevolent disposition. An indulgent master, a kind husband and parent, and a sincere friend. In him were centred all the good qualities that adorn the human heart.

“Heaven gives us friends to bless the present state,
Resumes them, to prepare us for the next.”

“How blest, how happy, say, departed saint,
Is now thy station near the Almighty's throne!
But words are wanting, language is too faint,
To speak the bliss by saints and angels known!”

COURT OF HYMEN.

How sweet the commerce of delight,
That sympathetic spirits move—
How sweet the mystic ties unite,
Youth's mutual breast in magic love!

MARRIED.

On Wednesday evening, the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Jesse E. Everett, to Miss Elizabeth Russell, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 20th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Forester, Mr. William Stone, to Miss Margaret Fotheringham, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Fotheringham, all of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. William Beach, to Miss Hester Concklin, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Daniel Stanbury, to Miss Jane Funk, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. Charles Lewis White, to Miss Elizabeth Decker both of this city.

MORTALITY.

ALL human joys are subject to decay,
This life is like a tender fading flower,
Which blooms in beauty but to drop away,
Beauty, the transient blessing of an hour.

DIED.

On Thursday evening the 20th inst. after a long and lingering illness, Mrs. Frances Huile, in the 53d year of her age.

On Friday evening, the 21st inst. of a lingering illness, Mrs. Margaret Whetten, aged 70 years, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

On Sunday last, Mr. John Moffit, in the 43d year of his age, after a few hours illness.

On Wednesday last, in the 18th year of her age, Miss Sarah Matilda Hoffman, daughter of Josiah O. Hoffman, Esq.

At Charleston, on the 10th instant, in the 51st year of his age, Thomas Sheppard, esq. one of the editors of the *Times*.

FOR THE WEEKLY MUSLUM.

TO RELIGION.

Hark! 'twas the bell of Death I heard,
Slow passing o'er the vale—
A sound my soul has oft preferred
To flattery's soothing tale,

Fer, I, of melancholy born,
A wayward child of Fate—
Had met with many a worldly scorn,
Though ne'er deserving hate.

But now my heart is softer grown,
And every care's at rest—
Religion, then, I'll call my own!
And clasp her to my breast.

Come, then, Oh! meek and spotless maid
Thy influence o'er me shed—
And, when on death's cold bed I'm laid,
Support my drooping head.

HENRICUS.

DANIEL BALDWIN,

SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER,



CHATHAM-STREET,

Solicits the patronage of the Public. Those who will please to favour him with their custom, may depend on having their work done in an elegant style. As he has hitherto given peculiar satisfaction, he flatters himself that he will be disappointed.

April 29, 1804—2m

COURT OF APOLLO.

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

At thy approach, enchanting Spring,
The meadows laugh, the valleys sing,
And nature all looks gay;
The sun shines out with friendly beams,
And dancing in the chrysal streams,
Adds beauty to the day.

How sweet with a dear friend to rove,
Where linnets warble thro' the grove,
And blackbirds sweetly sing;
The mellow bird finch and the thrush,
The concert join from every bush,
To welcome in the Spring.

Or on some verdant bank reclin'd,
Where falling objects soothe the mind,
O hush to soft repose;
Our thoughts on rural subjects bent,
Enjoy a calm a sweet content,
That grandeur seldom knows.

Woods, hills, and plains, our Nature's King,
Who rules the seasons decks the Spring,
With power and skill divine;
The lowing herds their Maker praise,
And songsters, in harmonious lays,
The grateful tribute join.

MODERN SONNET.

THE PEASANT GIRL.

A wicker basket on her white arm hung,
And cheerily she tripp'd along the lawn,
While o'er her head Aurora's minstrel sung
Aerial matins to the blushing dawn.

A little bonnet, bound with purple thread,
Half hid the village wand'rer's artless face
Where bloom'd the lily in its native grace,
'Tween two sweet roses always looking red,
And 'twas this bonnet tied with purple bow,
The little maiden's modesty did show.

'Pray whither art thou going pretty maid?'
Said I. She curtesied low with this reply,
(Her finger pointing to a neighbour's shed)
'To feed my father's pigs in yonder sty.'

EPIGRAM.

Willy Wag went to see Charley Quirk,
More famed for his books than his knowledge,
In order to borrow a work
Which he'd sought for, in vain, over College.

But Charley replied 'My dear friend,
You must know I have sworn and agreed
My books from my room not to lend,
But you may sit by my fire and read.'

Now it happened by chance on the morrow,
That Quirk, with a cold quivering air,
Came, his neighbour Will's bellows to borrow
For his own they were out of repair.

But Willy replied, 'My dear friend,
I've sworn and agreed, you must know,
That my bellows I never will lend,
But you may sit by my fire and blow.'

HUTCHINS'

IMPROVED ALMANACK,

For 1809:

By the Grocer, Dozen, or Single One.
For Sale at this Office.

TORTOISESHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY
N SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER
FROM LONDON,
At the Sign of the Golden Rose,
NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies or
namented Combs of the newest fashion—also La-
dies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash. Ba-
far superior to any other for softening beautifying
and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agree-
able perfume 4 and 8s each

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that
holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small
compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of roses so well
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples red-
ness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen af-
ter shaving with printed directions, 3s 4s 6s and 12s
bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the
hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey
4 and 8s per pot. Smith's Tooth Paste warranted
Violet double scented Rose Hair Powder 2s 6d

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste for washing the
skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s per
pot, do paste

Smith's Cymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder for the
teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural col-
our to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or
Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin

Smith's superfine Hair-Powder. Almond powde
for the skin, 8s per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil for curling, glos-
sing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from
turning grey 4s per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Po-
matums 1s per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per box

Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chy-
mical principles to help the operation of shaving 3s
and 1s 6d

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaister 3s per box

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books
Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton
Garters, and Eau de Cologne

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold
* * The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic
Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-
knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn
combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving
but have their goods fresh and free from adultera-
tion, which is not the case with imported Perfumery

8 Trunks Marseilles Pomatum

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again

January 1, 1808

*Elegant accomplishment in the most beautiful display
of the vegetable kingdom.*

MRS. MARTIN, Professor of Wax-work, No. 12
Broad-street, presents her most respectful services
to the fair daughters of America, and informs them,
that she teaches Wax-work, either in the taking of
likenesses, or in imitating the various fruits of the
earth, with their respective foliage, from the creep-
ing strawberry to the lofty and delicious anana. She
also instructs the making of Artificial Flowers, and
various ornaments in Rock and other work—with the
method of making Moulds, to cast at pleasure, in the
most perfect shape, any thing that may be desired—
She will also repair Wax-work.—Her terms for
learning the above accomplishments are but Ten Dol-
lars, a knowledge of which may be obtained in a few
weeks, with only an attendance of two or three hours
a day.

February 18, 1809.

1044—tf

CARDS, HANDBILLS &c.
PRINTED AT THIS OFFICE
ON MODERATE TERMS.

RAGS.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS
at this office.

LEWIS FORNIQUET

Respectfully informs his Friends and the Public in
general, that he has removed to No. 156, Bad-way,
where he solicits a continuation of their custom, and
flatters himself that the quality of his stock, and his
attention to business, will meet with their approba-
tion. He has lately received, by arrivals from Liver-
pool, a new and elegant assortment of London Pearl
Jewellery consisting of Necklaces, Ear-rings, and
Pearl Ornaments for the Head, Pearl and Topaz pins,
Bracelets and Rings

ON HAND,

A handsome assortment of Pearl, Diamond, and real
Topaz Pins, Gold Watch-Chains and Seals, Plain and
Cornechan Keys; Gold Ear-rings, Breast-pins, Rings,
Lockets, and Bracelets; Silver Tea sets; Table, Tea,
and Desert Spoons; Soup Ladles and Fish Knives;
Tortoise-shell, Dressing, and Fine Combs, Scissors,
Penknives, Best White-chapel Needles in quarters,
and a great variety of other articles too numerous to
mention.—He makes all sorts of Hair-work and Elastic
Braids, in the Newest Fashion, and at the short-
est Notice.

January 28.

1041—tf.

A PEW FOR SALE

The Pew, No. 140, in Christ's Church, being the se-
cond from the wall, in the north-west corner of the
Church.—For terms apply at No. 104, Maiden-lane,

CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete warranted
tight, by C ALFORD,
No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

FOR SALE,

A FARM AND MILLS,

in the County of Orange, State of New York, two
miles from Cornwall Landing, and 60 miles from the
City of New-York.—The Farm contains 120 acres,
mostly good land, with sufficient meadow and wood;
the best kinds of grafted fruit, apples, pears, peaches,
plumbs, &c. a good dwelling-house, barn, and other
out-houses, and a well by the door. The Mill is 40
by 50 feet, built of stone. It is a strong building,
with two run of Burr stones, and a good stream; and
may be converted to carrying on any kind of manu-
facture.—The whole is to be sold cheap, and a good
title will be given by the subscriber, on the premises.

December 17, 1808.

1035—tf

CHARLES SPENCER,

CONFECTIONER,

Inform his Friends and the Public, that he has re-
moved to No. 118, Broadway, opposite the City-hotel,
where he carries on his business in its various bran-
ches, and hopes, by strict attention, still to deserve
public patronage. Families supplied with Plum-
cake, bread and neatly ornamented—Tea-cakes of every
description—Pyramids, Ice-cream, Blanch-monge,
Jellies, &c.—Country Orders punctually attended to—
March 11. 1047—6m.

S. DAWSON'S,

WARRANTED DURABLE INK.

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
FOR SALE

by the quantity or single bottle, at No 3, Peck-Slip,
and at the Proprietor's 48, Frankfort-street:

BOOKS AND STATIONARY,

OF

EVERY DESCRIPTION,

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Bibles, Testaments, Monitors, Spelling-Books, Prim-
ers, Gough's, Fenning's, Hamilton's, Walsh's, Wal-
kingham's, and Dilworth's Arithmetics; Walkers,
Sheridan's, Bayly's, Webster's, and Ertick's Dic-
tionaries. Writing and Letter Paper, Quills, Sealing
Wax, Wafers, Ink Powder, Ink Stands, Pencils, In-
dian Rubber, Indian Ink, Blank Books, &c.

NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISON

NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Ann

PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE